

# EXHIBIT 1

July 17, 2014

The Honorable Ronnie Abrams  
Chambers  
United States District Court  
Southern District of New York  
40 Foley Square, Room 2203  
New York, NY 10007

RE: USA v. Hixon

Your honor,

I write to you not to excuse my actions, but to try to explain them. I do worry that any attempt at explanation will sound like justification, which is not at all what I want to do. I would just like to make clear the true motivations for what I did and correct any misconceptions that might exist about me.

I am the oldest of four children. My parents were both schoolteachers until I was nine. At that time, my father took a sales job with a chemicals company. The new job required a move from Atlanta to a rural Tennessee community. My father's new responsibilities required constant travel, usually Monday through Friday for 2-3 weeks a month. My siblings and I attended the local schools and we settled into a rural life. Over time, the remoteness and my father's absence were increasingly hard on my mother, and she gradually retreated from us. I filled the void in looking after my sisters (3 and 4 years my junior) and my brother (5 years my junior). I oversaw every aspect of their day-to-day life, and the four of us became very close.

I graduated from high school in 1976 and chose the University of Virginia. Charlottesville proved to be an ideal place for study and maturing. I majored in Government and Economics. During my fourth year, I focused on opportunities in New York. It was then that I discovered the banks were recruiting undergraduates for training. I was thrilled to have the opportunity to move to the city and give it a try. It was unusual for Virginia graduates to go to Wall Street in those days. Only four in my class of sixteen hundred made that choice.

I moved to New York in 1980. I immediately loved everything about New York, and I discovered an intellectual interest in finance and global business. My early success afforded me the opportunity to attend Harvard Business School. So in 1983, I loaded up a truck and moved to Cambridge. There I met my wife Marguerite almost immediately: we've been together from then on. I enjoyed studies at HBS, but particularly enjoyed living in Harvard Square. We loved being in Cambridge and in the unique atmosphere at Harvard.

Coming out of HBS in 1985, I was fortunate to attract the interest of First Boston and was hired as an Associate at one of the most intellectually creative firms on Wall Street. I remained at First Boston for seventeen years.

In 1988, Marguerite and I were married. By 1990 we were established so that Marguerite could pursue her interest in writing full time. In 1994, after many years of hope and uncertainty, it was a particular joy to learn of our daughter's impending arrival – it was somewhat of a medical miracle. We found a loft suitable for a family, renovated it, and had it ready when [REDACTED] was born in January of 1995. We still live in that same loft.

From the outset, we had the benefit of my mother-in-law as a baby nurse. Dorothy trained us well, and we settled in to our new life. We also had the benefit of our extended family and friends. A number of Marguerite's friends, from college, high school and earlier, had children within that year. It provided a helpful network on all issues related to raising [REDACTED] and has been the basis of enduring friendships between entire families.

I was often the first one up with [REDACTED] and I loved our morning rituals together over the years. When she was an infant, I would bring her to Marguerite to be fed; when she was older, I would, on [REDACTED] orders, carry her and the six stuffed animals in her posse into the kitchen, heat up the milk, put it in a cup and give it to her, all without putting any of them down. Later on, we would watch Sesame Street together, sometimes while eating the usually forbidden danishes from the deli downstairs.

As she grew older, we would go out together to get breakfast: pear coffee cake from the City Bakery, or bagels from Ess-a-Bagel. [REDACTED] and I were out and about in the neighborhood; the Union Square Greenmarket, Books of Wonder, Washington Square. I remember one weekend morning taking her to the playground in Union Square Park, and watching my 3-year-old exchange enthusiastic greetings with everyone from dreadlocked musicians to market vendors.

Marguerite and I learned to trust our instincts as we made choices for [REDACTED]. Including her pre-school, [REDACTED] attended only two schools in the sixteen years prior to college. We saw first hand how schools and teachers are valuable further extensions of the family. [REDACTED] benefited greatly from all these positive forces.

Being a father has been the best and most important job I've ever had – seeing [REDACTED] grow into a mature and confident young woman has meant the world to me and Marguerite.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] The stress of her situation on my father was significant, and he had a heart attack in 2008. Over the next three years, my mother's condition became steadily worse.



██████████ was born on ██████████. My relationship with Nicole had ended by that time. Nicole's announcement that she was pregnant had come as a shock, but I was determined to be a father to ██████████ in any way I could.

As a result of her upbringing in a counter culture group, with frequent moves throughout Asia, and the resulting disconnection from mainstream society, Nicole did not have any of the family or friends network to turn to, so I gladly took on those responsibilities. I found a two-bedroom apartment, determined the hospital, found the baby nurse and the eventual sitter. I had learned the importance of careful choices in these areas in my experience with ██████████.

██████████ birth had complications requiring the ICU natal team. When they swaddled her and gave her to me I promised her I would always protect her, just as I had promised ██████████ at her birth. When she arrived home I used everything I had learned from raising ██████████. On mornings I would arrive at Nicole's apartment at 6 or 6:30 a.m. for morning rituals allowing Nicole a break. In the evenings I would try to be there for her dinner, bath and bedtime. I always read stories. As I put her to bed I would play soft music for her – Segovia, Mozart, Maria Callas, or Keith Jarrett's Köln concert – until she fell asleep. I asked Nicole to do the same when I was away. To this day she can identify random Mozart pieces on the radio and when she hears Segovia or Jarrett she gives me the warmest smile. Through 2009 we did a good job of raising ██████████. She was a very happy child.

In January 2010, Nicole had come to two decisions. She announced that she wanted to move from New York. Her job at Constellation had been eliminated, and she wanted to raise ██████████ in a better climate and more familiar lifestyle. Secondly, she no longer wanted my financial support for herself, but she did ask for continued support for ██████████.

I was more than happy to promise all support for ██████████. The thought of not being near ██████████ worried me, and I asked Nicole to take time in determining a new home. Her initial instinct was to move to South Beach, where an old childhood friend lived. I asked her to give the decision considerable thought, and to allow me to help her. We gave thought to a number of cities, but Austin, Texas emerged as the best one and I offered to check it out. Nicole had no ties to Austin, but I believed Austin would be a good choice, primarily because it was a progressive, open-minded city with a great focus on education. All of these proved true.

Nicole and ██████████ moved to Austin in early December 2010. We had found an apartment (where they still live), and ██████████ had been offered admission into a wonderful pre-school program mid-year. Another piece fell into place when Cathy Webster became ██████████'s babysitter. She was a warm and mature presence, and as a lifelong resident of Austin, she was a valuable resource for Nicole in adapting. I helped with the move, then returned to New York and was confronted with the

reality of the distance from [REDACTED] It struck me more forcefully than my initial discomfort with the thought of [REDACTED] so far away.

I also learned to take into account the line between my desire to raise [REDACTED] and Nicole's privacy. The line would move, and I learned to adapt. My primary responsibility became to create the network to support [REDACTED] The responsibility to connect with the community and anticipate the future fell to me. My visits were planned to include connecting to classmates, their parents and the teachers. We did playdates, birthday parties, Sea World, museums, the zoo and the rodeo.

I couldn't stand the thought that [REDACTED] might not think I loved her or wanted to see her, and made sure to let her know she was loved. [REDACTED]

I began shuttling between New York and Austin every two to three weeks to see [REDACTED] From December 2010 to December 2013 I traveled to Austin 60 times, staying in a local hotel, where [REDACTED] stayed with me. My goal was simple: for [REDACTED] to know she was loved and that her father cared very much for her. The pre-school was a great fit, with wonderful teachers. [REDACTED] became accustomed to my visits. All seemed good.

In April 2011, Nicole first expressed discontent with Austin, without elaborating on the reasons why. I let her know that if she wanted to come back to New York, that could be done. She listened, but wasn't interested. I continued my pattern of visits, thoroughly enjoying my time with [REDACTED] and always amazed at her changes.

By the end of summer 2011, Nicole became increasingly volatile and emotional, in emails, and on the phone. Often on my visits, I would not see her at all, as I either picked up and dropped off [REDACTED] at school or with Cathy. Nicole was increasingly angry. She had made no connections at [REDACTED] school, or with the other parents. Nicole had spent her childhood as part of a counter culture group, and the connections she trusted were the peers she had grown up with in the group. Many of them lived "off the grid" in far flung locations around the world.

She talked of moving on. In her words, she alone would determine where, when and how [REDACTED] would live. In October 2011, she visited a remote area in Colorado twice to see childhood friends and to consider a move.

I attempted to include Nicole in many of the school and parent-related activities. She was uncomfortable, and often viewed others as being judgmental or critical of her. Each holiday season, I bought tickets for the local Nutcracker production, and encouraged Nicole to invite others to join us. My goal was to help Nicole feel a part of truly special events, but she often declined to attend, to [REDACTED]'s disappointment.



In June 2011, my mother passed away. Her death, and my concern about my father's physical and emotional condition added to the stresses I felt about [REDACTED]. In addition, I was concerned about Marguerite. She is the love of my life, and my deepest regret is the hurt my relationship with Nicole caused her. I knew that Marguerite supported me in my commitment to [REDACTED] but I was worried about the impact of my increased travel on her. I also worried about time spent away from [REDACTED] who was beginning her college search, and her last two years of high school.

Marguerite grew worried about me, and suggested I talk to a professional. I had no experience with seeking help of that kind, but she insisted. She was right, and I began seeing the psychiatrist she found.

In the spring of 2012, my father had a near-fatal heart attack. He was hospitalized, and required surgery to insert five stents in his chest. His recovery and weakness prolonged my inability to tell him about [REDACTED]. I knew he would love her, but felt he needed to be stronger. I began to fear that he would not live to meet her.

By the fall of 2012, Nicole's actions became increasingly worrisome. For no apparent reason, she fired Cathy Webster, [REDACTED]'s beloved sitter, without explanation to Cathy, [REDACTED] or me. I learned of this from [REDACTED] on a visit. Cathy had become [REDACTED]'s surrogate grandmother, and [REDACTED] was very upset. I had to reassure [REDACTED] that Cathy had not made the decision to not be her babysitter. Meanwhile, new sitters turned over quickly, with no one emerging as a steady replacement. I learned from the pre-school that more and more often, [REDACTED] was staying for two hours of aftercare every day.

Often Nicole would block my calls for days at a time. She traveled to the San Diego area twice to explore places to live. Most concerning to me [REDACTED] was noticeably distraught in September and October. [REDACTED] met [REDACTED] for the first time in early September, and was thrilled to meet her big sister, but this event seemed to provoke more volatility in Nicole. [REDACTED] described episodes at home with Nicole crying, not playing with her, and always on her computer. I knew Nicole was a loving and devoted mother, but I also knew that her frustrations with her life were overwhelming at times. As a result, I felt compelled to visit every other weekend to comfort [REDACTED]. My business travels became very stressful, as I feared that Nicole would move without notice, and that I would never see [REDACTED] again.

I had no solutions for Nicole's volatility. Financial distress wasn't the issue – Nicole had always been prudent and had savings. I believe she always knew I was there if need be. For reasons I can't explain, she had low self-esteem, and without much direct interaction it was impossible for me to help. She threatened to disappear and keep on moving. I could not imagine that for [REDACTED]

On my visits at that time, I would drop [REDACTED] off at school and as I watched her walk into class I wondered if I would see her again. My fear wasn't just that I would

no longer have [REDACTED] but also that [REDACTED] would not have me, that she wouldn't know or understand what happened. Or why.

At that time I was struck by the dichotomy of my oldest daughter deservedly applying early decision to [REDACTED] and me not being sure if I would see my youngest daughter ever again.

I know my actions were wrong. In hindsight, they were a desperate, irrational attempt to connect. They were an attempt to allow Nicole to feel rooted in place by raising her self-esteem.

I know that I have caused a great deal of pain to the people I love the most, and I know how fortunate I am to have a loving family that has stuck by me during difficult times. Thank you for taking the time to read this.

Most Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Perk Hixon', with a stylized, cursive script.

Perk Hixon

# EXHIBIT 2



17 July 2014

The Honorable Ronnie Abrams  
Chambers  
United States District Court  
Southern District of New York  
40 Foley Square, Room 2203  
New York, NY 10007

RE: USA v. Hixon

Dear Judge Abrams,

I am writing to you about Perk Hixon, whom I have known for more than 30 years. My name is Marguerite [REDACTED], and Perk is my husband.

I was born in South Africa, where my family lived while my father, a chemical engineer, worked on projects throughout the African continent. I grew up in Connecticut, and received my BA in 1981, in History and Literature, and MBA in 1985, both from Harvard. Over time I have moved from working in strategy and planning and writing on the side to writing fiction and poetry full time. I am at work on a novel, about a composer writing an opera based on *Paradise Lost*, and have read my work in a variety of venues in New York and Massachusetts.

Perk and I met in the fall of 1983, when we were first year students at Harvard Business School, and have been together ever since. We were married in 1988, and our daughter [REDACTED] was born in 1995.

The importance of extended family in our lives is something Perk and I have shared from the beginning. It includes not only our parents, siblings, nieces and nephews, but cousins, godchildren (5 between us), close friends and their children, as well as the many young people Perk has mentored in his career. This extended family has guided many of our decisions: the places we traveled, so that we, and particularly [REDACTED] could see those places through their eyes; our subscription to a box at the opera, so we could share one of our great loves with them; and our house in Rhode Island, where we could all spend time together, even to the extent of having my parents live next door.

My parents are great company. Still, not everyone would want their in-laws living next door, or there every weekend morning for breakfast, but Perk embraced it, and the irreplaceable experience it gave [REDACTED] of sitting around a table and being part of the wide-ranging conversation that has been a family tradition for as long as I can remember.

In 2000, my father had a stroke and was treated at the Rusk Institute here in New York for six months. My mother lived with us, and during an often difficult time, I never heard one word of complaint from Perk – or even a polite question about when she would be moving out.

My parents moved back home to Rhode Island, with my father much improved but still severely disabled, and my mother knew she could call on us both. When my father died one April morning, her first phone call was to Perk. And in letters from his siblings, aunts and uncles, you have read of his devotion to, and protection of, his parents and siblings.

Perk is a loving and committed father. As the early riser of the two of us, Perk was usually the one to get up when [REDACTED] woke up. When she was an infant, he would bring her to me, so I could feed her without getting up; when she was older, they would watch Sesame Street together. (I'm not sure who was more disappointed when [REDACTED] went to pre-school and they couldn't watch Sesame Street together anymore: [REDACTED] or Perk.) In the admissions processes for schools, I told Perk that he was our secret weapon: that a father who knew his daughter as well as he did was certain to stand out from the pack.

Perk sometimes voiced concerns about the possible effect of his heavy work and travel schedule on [REDACTED] because of my own experience with a father who traveled frequently, and to whom I was very close, I was able to reassure him. I knew that Perk loved what he did, and believe that as a family we all need to support one another in doing the work we want to do, whether it was Perk's work in finance, mine in fiction and poetry, or [REDACTED]'s in school.

Family meals are an important part of this, and Perk made sure that he was home for breakfast and dinner when he was in town, often working from home early in the morning and late at night. He never missed a school play, piano or orchestra concert, or parent-teacher conference. And when he did travel, he called, morning and evening, to hear about our days, and to tell us about his.

Perk and I share a belief in the importance of support for education and the arts. Not long after we arrived in New York after graduate school, I interviewed a candidate for admission to Concord Academy, my high school alma mater. Her family had emigrated from Macao when she was five, and her father, who was with her, spoke no English. He had many questions for me about the school, and his daughter translated for us both. Telling Perk about this remarkable young woman afterwards, I said that I thought the likely barrier to attendance for her was not admittance, as she was an extremely strong candidate, but the amount of financial aid the school could afford to give her.

Perk looked at me in surprise: "Really?" he said. "We need to up our gift." So began our commitment to long term support for institutions in education and the arts, including the Metropolitan Opera. (Fortunately, I was able to infect Perk with my love of opera early on, despite once taking him to see Das Rheingold on a Friday night after a long work week as a young associate.)

It is a particularly harsh aspect of this process that it demands that we revisit a private and painful time in our life together – and do so in a public forum. When Perk told me the story of [REDACTED] hard as that time was, it was clear to both of us that we wanted to go forward together.



It was also clear that we needed to wait to tell [REDACTED] (and therefore anyone else) about [REDACTED] until the summer of 2012, when she would be just that much older, and also through the demands of junior year in high school. In addition, waiting to tell [REDACTED] gave us time, as a couple, to begin to heal together without the additional concern of helping her to do so as well.

Children are not to blame for the mistakes of their parents, and there is no reason that [REDACTED] should suffer for the mistakes of hers. Children need family: there was no question in my mind that we, and our extended family, would ultimately be part of [REDACTED]'s extended family; and that we would provide support to her, both financial and emotional, including Perk spending time with her in Austin.

Also during that time, my mother had a serious stroke that severely limited her movement, her macular degeneration worsened, and Perk's mother entered what turned out to be the final months of the illnesses that would take her life. We did what we could to help my father-in-law, and my mother, along their individual paths in the aftermaths of illness and grief, and to ensure that [REDACTED], and [REDACTED] were thriving.

As 2011 progressed I became increasingly concerned about Perk. He was sleeping badly; he was often jumpy and distracted. Interests like music that have been central to our family life didn't seem to hold his attention. Usually someone with a capacious memory, he forgot things.

At the time, we were in the midst of an extensive renovation of our house in Rhode Island. We are veterans of many renovation projects, and the design and construction work involved have always been of primary interest to him, and a significant source of creativity and relaxation. Most unusually, he began to forget decisions we'd made on the house, not only what we had decided, but that we had decided anything at all: once reminded, he had no memory of it. Something simply wasn't right.

The loss of his mother after long and difficult years of illness; concern for his father in the aftermath; his worry about being a father to a child not living with him; and the knowledge of the hurt he had caused me and would cause [REDACTED] I knew that any one of these, on top of a demanding work and travel schedule, would be enough to cause him significant mental distress.

I tried to talk to him about this, and he waved me off: I know now that he was afraid to worry me further. Finally I got a recommendation from our internist for a psychiatrist, made an appointment for both of us, and told Perk he was coming with me. He did, and over time, he continued to see the psychiatrist alone.

In August of 2012 we told [REDACTED] the story of [REDACTED]. I am hardly an unbiased observer where she is concerned, but I must tell you that [REDACTED] is an extraordinary young woman. At that time, and ever since, she has responded to a difficult family situation with great love and care for everyone involved, including [REDACTED]. Having just learned of [REDACTED]'s



existence, and at the beginning of a demanding senior year in high school, [REDACTED] agreed to Perk's request that she come with him to Austin for the weekend to meet [REDACTED] who was, of course, immediately taken with her older sister. [REDACTED] has stayed with us many times since then, and [REDACTED] who could so easily choose to exercise the teenager's right to be absent from family in favor of friends, has been here, to accompany [REDACTED] to museums, shows, and restaurants, to draw and play games with her, and to listen.

Having told [REDACTED] the story of [REDACTED] we knew that the next person who needed to hear it before anyone else was Perk's father. We felt it was important to give [REDACTED] the time she wanted to absorb this news herself before telling other members of the family, and we were also concerned about Perk's father's health at the time.

More than most of us, you have seen that under extreme stress human beings lose touch with reality and do things they would not otherwise do. What stops most of us is connection. This is why community is important, a group of people who can return us to reality and help us to see beyond the moment, beyond the immediate issue that looms so large before us.

Perk's closest confidantes in life have been his father, and me. When the situation behind the events that have brought Perk before you flared up, and flared up again, he found himself unable to discuss his fears with either of us.

Perk and I are used to having one another's minds, one another's particular intelligence and perspective to bring to bear on the issues at hand: for 30 years, that's been our comfort zone. In this situation, Perk was far, far outside of his. Far from his experience, from his understanding, and from his confidantes. So he fell back on an old reflex from childhood, which was to batten down the hatches and cope alone.

Perk had no rational reason to do what he did. It was not for money: we have more than enough to provide for ourselves and those we love, and support the organizations we believe in, and Perk has always been an informed and conservative investor. It was not for concealment: there was no need for that.

His actions are against the law; they are high risk and they are stupid, and Perk is not a law-breaking, risk-taking or stupid man. Perk was a senior Wall Street banker who took his obligations seriously, and took great pride in his work: these actions are far outside that code.

They were irrational, and they were wrong. Unfortunately, in these actions he saw something he could do. They were actions he could take, and in his self-isolation, in which he believed that not only was he at risk of losing access to [REDACTED] but that she was at risk of losing access to her father, and of growing up thinking he had deserted her; in which he believed he had exhausted other avenues; in which he was unable to communicate with the person in control; in which he was in that fatal frame of mind when we believe we need to do something and do it now – he did them.

Perk and I have always loved being together. When we found ourselves in new territory as a couple, we did what we have always done. We spent time together in any way we could. In person, on the phone, by text, we spent time together. It began the healing, and sustains it to this day.

We all make mistakes, and some of us make big ones. Very few of us have the misfortune to have them exposed, and then misrepresented, so publicly and cruelly. Perk is working hard to atone for his actions, and to counter their burden on those most affected by them: [REDACTED] my father-in-law, my mother and me. The love and support we have been so fortunate to receive from our family and friends have been crucial to his efforts, and to us.

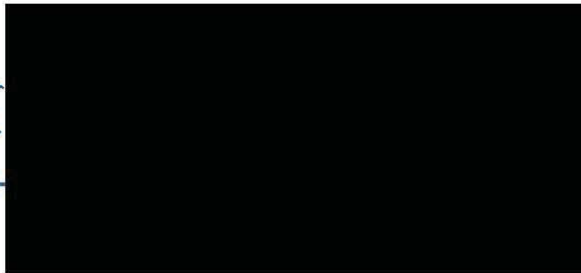
Forgiveness, and the giving of second chances: these things do not condone the actions that brought them about, nor do they deny the pain these actions have caused. Our love and support do not mean that we are not hurt and suffering. Without him here, we cannot heal. An enforced separation would be difficult at any time: it would be particularly difficult now, when we have worked so hard to go forward together.

Thank you for taking the time to read about Perk, and about our family. I know that Perk deeply regrets the actions that have brought him before you, and that he is embarked on the hard work necessary to rectify them. I respectfully ask that in your decision, you allow him – and all of us -- to continue that process.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Marguerite", is written over a small black rectangular redaction mark.

Marguerite [REDACTED]



# EXHIBIT 3



July 11, 2014

The Honorable Ronnie Abrams  
Chambers  
United States District Court  
Southern District of New York  
40 Foley Square, Room 2203  
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Abrams,

My name is Nicole Robinson, and I am writing to you about Perk Hixon in the case USA v. Hixon. Perk and I have a daughter together, [REDACTED] who was born in 2008. Though [REDACTED] and I moved to Austin, Texas in December 2010, Perk has remained an essential part of [REDACTED]'s life despite the distance.

As for my background, my parents were raised in small Texas towns. In the early 1970s, they became part of a counter-culture group and relocated to Southeast Asia where I was born in 1977. During my childhood, my family, including my seven siblings, continued to move frequently abroad, though we were very poor. When I was 12, I moved back to the U.S. with my parents to Texas. I was home schooled through high school and graduated from Southern Methodist University with a degree in Industrial Engineering. I moved to New York in 2005 where I worked for Constellation Energy as part of a group devising energy cost hedging programs for commercial customers.

[REDACTED] was born on [REDACTED]. Though my relationship with Perk had ended by that time, Perk was adamant that he would always be there as a father to her and provide for [REDACTED] financially.

Perk was very helpful to me as a new and inexperienced mom, giving me advice on things like finding the right baby nurse and nanny, and encouraging me to read and play music to [REDACTED]. Perk has always brought great books for [REDACTED] and reads to her any time he can. I believe [REDACTED]'s ability to read when she was three years old and her love of books and stories is attributable to him.

During my maternity leave, Constellation Energy was acquired, and many jobs, including mine, were eliminated. I received a severance package, but Perk supplemented that money to support [REDACTED] and me. In January 2010, I told Perk that I was planning to leave New York. I wanted a

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better climate to be able to raise [REDACTED] in a place with a lower cost of living and more familiar culture. I told Perk at that time that I did not want him to support me financially any longer. I planned to support myself with my severance package and savings, and hoped to go back to work after the move. Despite the move, Perk insisted that he would continue to pay for all of [REDACTED]'s expenses: her tuition, clothes, books (hundreds of them), activities/lessons, sitters, medical, etc.

Perk helped me decide where [REDACTED] and I would live. We chose Austin as a good place for us. Perk viewed it as a city with a vibrant economy and a friendly, open-minded culture. He also liked the caliber of the schools and the overall focus on education. He not only helped us with the move, he researched the schools in the area and found a great preschool for [REDACTED]. I had no experience with schools, having been home schooled, so this was especially helpful. [REDACTED] started at [REDACTED] in January 2011 and was very happy there.

Indeed, Perk has always taken complete responsibility for [REDACTED]'s schooling and been intimately involved in [REDACTED]'s education. Perk has always gone out of his way to establish good relationships with all of [REDACTED]'s teachers. When the time came to find an elementary school for [REDACTED] he once again found the right school for her, and completed the applications. [REDACTED] started kindergarten at the [REDACTED] in the fall of 2013. Thanks to Perk's efforts, [REDACTED] is thriving, and loves school.

Perk has been devoted to [REDACTED] from the start. He is always thinking of things that make a big difference to her. For instance, when [REDACTED] and I arrived in Austin in December 2010 before our furniture, he surprised her with a fully decorated Christmas tree standing fully lit in the empty apartment. It is still one of [REDACTED]'s favorite memories. He explained to her how it was important to keep the ornaments as a tradition. She has embraced this idea – taking them out, hanging them up, and repacking them are some of her favorite holiday traditions. Also during the holidays, every year, Perk buys tickets for the opening matinee of Ballet Austin's The Nutcracker, and invites [REDACTED]'s friends and their mothers for the performance and a lunch. [REDACTED] looks forward to this day every year.

Perk's dedication to [REDACTED] is amazing. Perk speaks with her every day. On weekdays, Perk calls [REDACTED] every morning during the 20 minute drive to her school. He and [REDACTED] chat about whatever is on her mind. They create word games and math quizzes. He always gives her a pep talk about the school day. On weekends, they Skype in the early morning, allowing me to sleep in.

Until recent events, Perk also would come to Austin every two to three weeks to spend time with [REDACTED]. During his visits, [REDACTED] stays with him in a local hotel. They go all over Austin – to



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the zoo, the rodeo, museums, movies and various performances. He keeps up with all the new things to do. [REDACTED] truly enjoys his visits.

I feel that I should mention that Perk has remained a strong, steady force in [REDACTED]'s life despite the sometimes turbulent interactions between Perk and I. The transition to Austin was very difficult for me for a number of reasons and holidays are particularly hard. I did and said some things I now regret. At times I became very emotional with Perk, even going so far as blocking his calls. I told him that a fresh start somewhere else might be best for me and [REDACTED], and I considered moving to California and Colorado where I have friends. Perk often bore the brunt of my frustrations, yet his devotion to [REDACTED] was and continues to be unwavering.

Perk has done everything for [REDACTED] I have ever asked, and a lot of things I didn't know to ask for [REDACTED] needs her father. Despite the distance, he has remained an essential part of her everyday life. He made a serious mistake and he knows it. I ask you leniency for the sake of our daughter.

Please take these thoughts into consideration.

Best,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Nicole Robinson', with a stylized, cursive script.

Nicole Robinson